

The World.

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A PRIVATE SNAP CHARITY.

A little Oliver Twist whom Dickens would have liked to know stood before a number of city officials recently and underwent inspection. He was a prize pupil of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes, for whose care the city and State together pay \$300 a year, as they pay for some two hundred other children in the same institution. The boy had on his best suit, one intended for a much smaller lad. It was a second-hand suit, not clean and too heavy, one intended for winter wear. The sleeve linings were torn out. The shoes were second hand and patched; the stockings were too short to reach his knickerbocker trousers. The boy's appearance was altogether ludicrous and distressing, but it was found that his schoolmates had fared even worse.

And further investigation of the conditions prevailing at this select charitable institution showed a state of affairs highly discreditable to the management. And one such as to arouse grave suspicions of fraud. It developed that the institution's accounts had been permitted to go for years un-audited; it had drawn money for vacation time to the extent of \$200,000; it had billed day pupils as boarders, mulcting the city for \$90,000, and it had collected money for clothing not bought.

These are facts and figures from Comptroller Grout's report on this institution. They are of a kind to arouse serious reflection in the community, suggesting as they do the prevalence of practices such as brought reproach on British charitable homes and institutions of an earlier generation. It will be interesting to learn more about the managers of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes. Who is its Mr. Bumble?

ELECTRICITY FOR THE TUNNEL.

Nine months after the Central's tunnel disaster the road announces itself as ready to begin the preliminary work of electrical installation. The conditions have been favorable on several occasions for a repetition of the disaster, but chance has happily averted it. An accident of similar nature occurred on the Elevated road yesterday, high in the air and under the best atmospheric conditions procurable on such a day. What the Central's engineers have undergone in the smoke and steam and fog of the tunnel during the past three days is a subject that does not make pleasant speculation for passengers with whose safety they have been intrusted.

But the provisional plans are ready at last. Large corporations move slowly. The proposed improvements are based on the assumption that the city will permit the Central to widen Park avenue. With the permission granted and authorization by the Legislature given to make the changes the installation can be speedily begun.

In seeking this permission from the city it is to be hoped that the Central's officials have duly considered the need of finding out how the Aldermen stand on the question—a delicate problem in the doctrine of probabilities.

THE "L" COLLISION.

A little harder bump and the rear-end collision on the Ninth Avenue Elevated yesterday would have been a catastrophe. Where it occurred the road runs nearly even with the housetops and the crowded cars leaving the track might easily have broken the guard rail and been precipitated to the street below.

What was the cause of the collision? The engineer responsible for it had been in the road's employ for more than twenty years, almost from its beginning, and this was his first accident. It is to be hoped that he momentarily lost control of his locomotive. This is a more agreeable inference than that he was careless.

To look fixedly day after day at the rails ahead on the alert against disaster is something an "L" engineer is not called on to do. Immunity may familiarize him with danger and leave him satisfied with an occasional glance to see that the track is clear. If the fatal moment arrives between glances, so much the worse for the passengers.

EXEMPT MILK.

In the trial of a Goerck street milk dealer yesterday for selling adulterated milk the prisoner's attorney, a former assistant Corporation Counsel, made the statement that it was "an unwritten law of the Board of Health that no milk intended for the manufacture of ice cream, crackers, &c., should ever be examined."

This extraordinary allegation, if true, points to a strange laxity of duty by the health officials. Is it their theory that a typhoid germ would be numbed to harmlessness in a freezer or beaten into innocuousness in the baker's dough? Why then examine milk intended for saloons? Will not the whiskey kill the germs? A little study might enable the Board to exempt from examination many other consignments of milk that now undergo that tedious process.

THE HALL OF RECORDS.

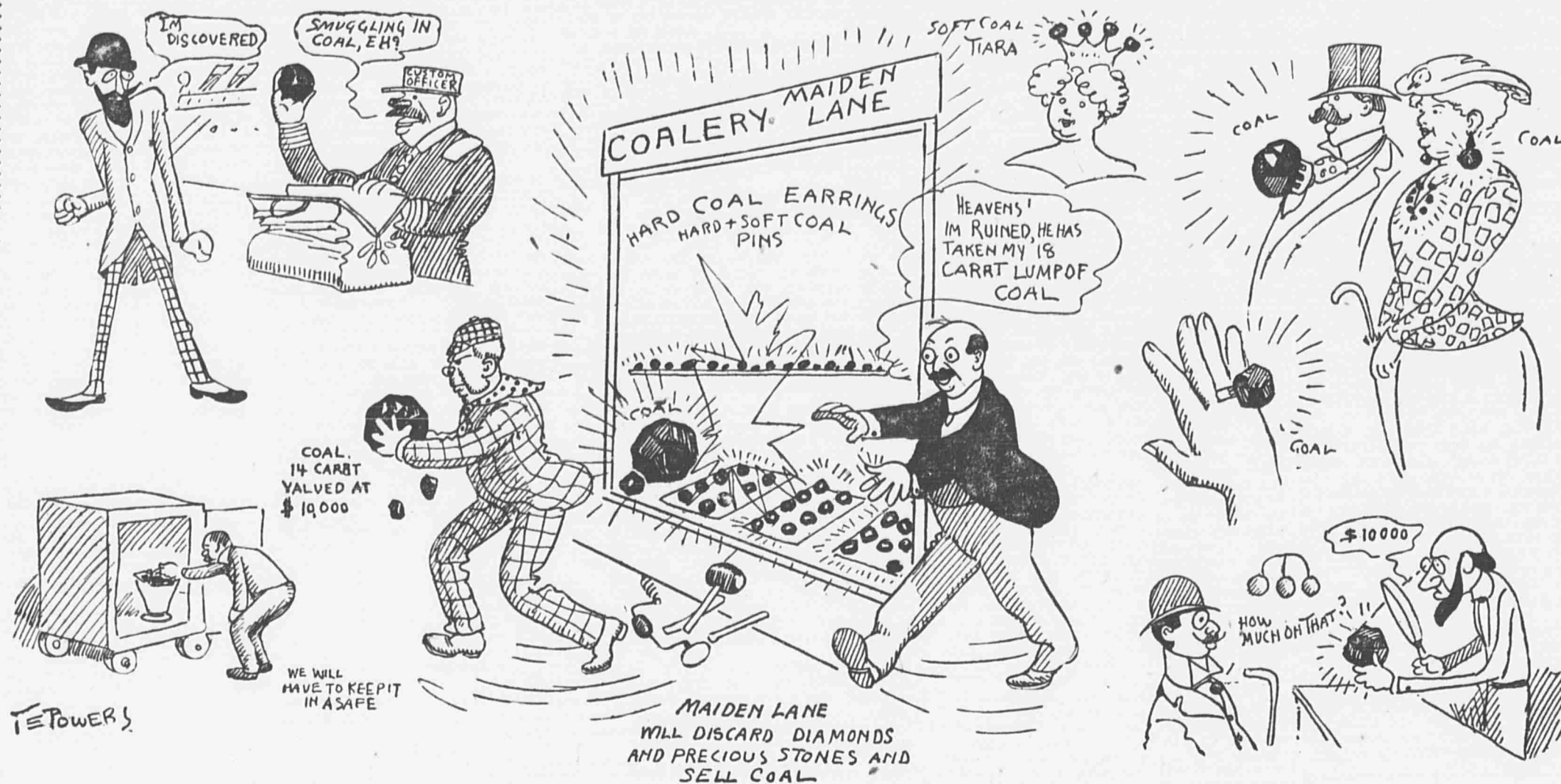
The Aldermen in a sentimental mood hearing pleas for the preservation of a historical landmark, the old Hall of Records, are in their most interesting role. Good old building! Shall we tear down the stuccoed pillars of the venerable provost prison where legend lodged Nathan Hale over night preceding his execution, but which history says is not so? Shall the vandal hand of improvement consign to a second-hand lumber dealer's yard those rafters that shivered with the sighs of poor debtors and rang with the oaths of the British cavalryman stabling his horses there, more historical fiction? Shall such a thing of colonial beauty be permitted to perish?

Let us wait at least till some contemporary historical novelist, some Arabella Jones in her "Knickerbocker Knight" or "Nathan of Old New York" limns the ancient structure with her pen, a graphic bit of local color, and so preserves a prose picture of it for posterity. Then may it go, but not till then.

Members of the National Historical Museum who are urging the Aldermen to save the building point out that it is the only remaining debtors' prison in America. Have they not overlooked Ludlow Street Jail? Victims of a certain class of installment dealers will think they have.

THE JEWELRY DISTRICT OF THE FUTURE.

A Forecast by Artist Powers.



With anthracite rising daily in price, New Yorkers of the future may witness some such scene as the above on Maiden Lane before long.

HIS FEARS.



Palmist—I see financial troubles ahead.
Softiegh—What is the cause thereof?
Palmist—I see a dark woman who is destined to cause you trouble in money matters.
Softiegh—As I expected, that washerwoman is going to hold my laundry for ransom again. Oh, woe is me!

CRUEL PAI



Ze Count—I tell you I can't lift wiz out her, sir-r.
The Papa—Oh, yes, you can, I guess.
Ze Count—Rempossible! You don't know how much I owe.

VERIFIED.



BOREM—I have no head for mathematics.
Miss Rose—That's what I told mamma yesterday.
Borem—How did you happen to dish out that information?
Miss Rose—Mamma asked what I thought of you as a prospective suitor, and I told her you didn't count.

EASILY ARRANGED.



Little—I am sorry to hear that you are going to take dinner at the Rockefellers' this evening. I was in hopes you could dine with us.
Elsie—What time do you dine?
Little—Seven o'clock.
Elsie—Ha! ha! old man; your invitation is accepted. Rockefeller don't dine till 8.

TRUE SYMPATHY.



Newed—I say, old chap, you ought to see the nine-pound addition to our family that arrived last night. He's a peach.
Olded—the father of twins—Well, you ought to be thankful he isn't a pair!

THE BOY AND THE AMAZON.

BY LUCIUS BURTON.

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OF course Donald was a most foolish and obstinate boy. There could be no question about that. He had a good position in the house of a very rich and a very liberal patron. His duties were not onerous, but such as they were he fulfilled them in a most conscientious manner. The position might have been a snap, but Donald did not look at it that way, and all his waking hours were given to the doing of these required or not. He had a good position in the house of a very rich and a very liberal patron. His duties were not onerous, but such as they were he fulfilled them in a most conscientious manner. The position might have been a snap, but Donald did not look at it that way, and all his waking hours were given to the doing of these required or not.

Anyway, it so happened that the union of his mother and father had not proved most fortunate, and the rugged qualities of the maternal Scotch had been neutralized by the indecisive character of the father with his mixture of French and American blood. At any rate, when the boy was a mere child, both parents died, and Donald was placed in servitude with the family of the wealthy Herbert Wray. His place was in the stable, and right faithful work did he do with the horses and vehicles. For bestial the Scotch blood in his veins, which made him faithful and persistent in his duty, there were the lessons he had been taught at his mother's knee, which had instructed him when a mere baby to be thorough and careful in all the efforts of life. He could not help it—no more than could she, it was the heritage of the ages.

So he plodded along, putting up with the enmities of the lackeys and other employees, who laughed at his conscientious work, as best he could. It was no small effort to this homesick and lonely boy to come in contact with Ethel, the golden-haired little daughter of the house, whose thirteen years seemed to give him fourteen something of a right to protect and guard over her. Being a bonnie lad and handy with the horses, he found himself almost always her companion—or groom—on the afternoon rides, and there were rare afternoon rambles over the fine country roads and through the groves. And through it all Donald was exceedingly careful, and releasing the high spirit of the girl as well as his own superior strength and skill with the horses, he often taxed his ingenuity to permit her to win, albeit it required the utmost strength and tact.

with his own horse, crazed with the excitement of the course—and his own youthful head not so cool as it might have been. For racing for a goal with a fine steed under you is not so cold-blooded a proposition as would naturally permit the average boy to regard it as a mere incident.

The days and weeks and months merged into years, and all the time Donald became more and more satisfied with life—especially as he rode with Miss Ethel by day and dreamed of her by night. For she was in truth a bonnie lass to look upon, with her bright blue laughing eyes, and her sunny yellow hair, and her red lips and her lithe and graceful physique. She inspired Donald to great thoughts and filled his sturdy young mind with lofty purposes. And as he grew older and worked hard of nights in his little loft in the barn, trying, poor boy, to keep pace with his golden-haired inspiration as she travelled along the path of learning, with her professors and masters, a great purpose and a great inspiration came into his mind and heart. While it was hard and sometimes discouraging to him, he came month by month to realize that his brain was able to solve the problems presented by the books, and the high spirit of independence, which ever characterized his race, grew in his young heart, until he whispered softly to himself: "Why not? Why am I not as good as she? Without masters or teachers I am able to teach her day by day how to do her tasks. Why cannot I go out and conquer the world and come back and—then his dream went off into that rosy realm where it really is not safe to vouch for their accuracy or their sanity.

And then came the crash. Ethel had arrived at the age of sixteen and was about to launch forth as a young lady in the devious and alluring paths of society, under the skilful tutelage of her mother. And Ethel was a willing student—and an apt, and the horseback rider and the romps became fewer and fewer and Donald fretted his young spirit sore. But he was patient and faithful, and many a time when sorely disappointed did he catch the gleam of kindly sympathy from the eyes of Jennie Gray, the young maid who served Ethel.

One day after an exhilarating ride with Ethel, incident to which there had been considerable talk of books and studies, Donald, warmed by the companionship and excited by his own thoughts, lingered at the doorsteps after helping Ethel down, and poured out his hopes and aspirations—his dreams of an academic education and a career as a surgeon. Then he would return, he said, and lay his reputation and his money at her feet.

The blue-eyed little patrician gazed at him with curling lips and blazing eyes. "You!" she exclaimed scornfully. "You, indeed. You forget that you are my groom. How dare you speak of such things to me? Your foolish head has been spoiled with too much kindness and too many books. Surgeon, indeed—a veterinary maybe." And she laughed merrily at her little joke.

"I will tell papa of your impudence, and if he does not discharge you I will see to it that you do not ride with me any more. I would have you know, sir, that I am to marry a gentleman. This impudence comes of treating servants like human beings."

She swept into the house, leaving Donald standing, stunned, beside the horses. Her little maid, Jennie Gray, who had come to meet her mistress, and had been an involuntary listener to the scornful speech, saw the pain and humiliation which came into Donald's eyes, and before going into the house went to him, and laid her hand on his arm.

"I am sorry for you, Donald," she said, her eyes wet with sympathy. "But you must not mind. Be a great surgeon, anyway."

He shook her off roughly and turned away, but an instant later sprang to her side.

"Forgive me," he said, "I do not know what I am doing. Thank you for your kind words. I will always remember them. And—and I will be a great surgeon."

He sprang to his horse and went clattering to the stable.

And he did become a great surgeon. This story is all too short to follow his struggles and self-denial, his dogged persistence as he slowly climbed the ladder. He worked his way through school and college and medical school, and then went to a distinguished surgeon and begged to become his hostler on his board and the privilege to study with him. He was refused, and tried again and again, until one finally saw the light in his eyes and took him in. Then there were more years of toil by

day, and study by night. And his industry and perseverance, his thorough mastering of everything which came under his observation, made the distinguished surgeon his friend, and Donald became his assistant instead of his hostler. Never betraying a trust nor failing in a task, he was trusted more and more, and some grave operations were given him to do. In these he showed marvelous skill, and soon began to be talked about. Then his preceptor and patron dropped dead one day, and Donald became his natural successor. And he was called to attend a very high official stricken high unto death, and they sent half across the continent for Dr. Donald Durand, the famous young surgeon, as the most trustworthy, to perform the delicate operation required. And the newspapers rang with praises of his skill, and he was courted by the rich and great and money flowed into his pockets.

In the mean time Ethel Wray's life had not been all as she had dreamed it. A financial crash had carried away most of her father's fortune, and her life had been far from the luxury in which she had been born. The knight of her maiden dreams had not eventuated, and she was becoming discouraged, and old. When she read of the greatness of Dr. Donald Durand and how he had fought his way from poverty single-handed and alone, the scene at the door of her father's mansion came to her, and she realized the mistake of her girlhood, and it came to pass that she met the doctor at a social function, and being a clever woman, told him in plain, straightforward manner that she was sorry she had failed to appreciate him and his ambition, and desired to crave his pardon. All this with much coyness and downcast eyes.

"It was as well, perhaps," replied the doctor. "The sting of your words gave edge to my resolution, as keen, perhaps, as would have been the hope of winning you. Besides, it gave me an insight into two characters—yours and that of another, whose worth I did not know, but learned on that day—Jennie Gray—you remember Jennie Gray, do you not?"

"Why, that was my maid—"

"And is to be my wife," he rejoined gravely. "She consented only yesterday."

The woman sat a long time looking out into the cold moonlight. Then she said slowly:

"I congratulate you—and her."

"I thank you," he rejoined. Then he went away.

SUBTERFUGE.

A Cleveland young man, who swore he was over twenty-one in order to get a marriage license, now explains that he was standing at the time on a piece of paper on which to use the water of the Platte River for power purposes. The object is to move the headgate further up the river and increase the allowance from 1,500 to 2,500 cubic inches per second.

WATER POWER.

An amended application has been filed for permission to use the water of the Platte River for power purposes. The object is to move the headgate further up the river and increase the allowance from 1,500 to 2,500 cubic inches per second.

NO MARRIAGES.

There is a pathetic item in the British Foreign Office report from South Nyassa: "There being no warrant for this district no marriages have been performed. Certain parties have been inconvenienced by this."

UPSIDE DOWN.

The seasons are all upside down. This applies in Europe as well as to this country, for the women of Paris were wearing furs in August, and in Italy at the same time the thermometer marked only 45 degrees above zero.

IN PARIS.

There are in Paris 1,116 factories.

MAY MANTON'S HELPS

For Women Who Make Their Own Dresses.

A Chic Tea Gown.

No material makes more effective nor more serviceable tea gowns than do the soft volles and chailles. This smart model is of voile in a lovely shade of biscuit and is combined with deep cream chiffon and taffeta embroidered with brown and finished by a bow and ends of brown ribbon, the frill and cuffs of the material being embroidered in harmony with the revers.

The foundation is a fitted lining that extends to the waist line only, onto which the yoke is faced and to which the portions of the gown are attached. The gown itself is cut with loose, flowing fronts, under-arm gores that outline the figure and a back that is laid in inverted plaits to give a Watteau effect. The upper edges of the back are finished with revers. Bolero fronts that are softly draped from the under-arm seam to the centre front, have revers that roll over at the upper edge and meet those of the back at the shoulders. The sleeves are in bishop style with deep pointed bell cuffs, and at the neck is a turn-over collar.

To cut this gown for a woman of medium size 11 yards of material 21 inches wide, 91-2 yards 27 inches wide, 71-4 yards 32 inches wide or 51-2 yards 44 inches wide will be required, with 1-2 yard of tucking for yoke and 1-4 yards 21 inches wide or 27-8 yards 44 inches wide for frill.

The pattern, No. 3,986, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

It will be mailed for 10 cents. If in a hurry for your patterns send an extra two-cent stamp for each pattern and they will be promptly mailed by letter post in sealed envelope.

Send money to Cassette, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

A SUGGESTION.

"I'm proud to boast I'm a self-made man."

The uncouth banker said.

Said his friend: "I would be a splendid plan To polish what you made."

A LUCKY MIRACLE.

"Why didn't they marry? I understood it was a case of love at first sight."

"It was. But they were both suddenly gifted with second sight."

ADULTERATED TRUTH.

"She can't speak a single word of truth."

"Can you wonder, seeing how many false teeth her words have to pass through?"

A FEW REMARKS.

Westward the course of coal trains takes its way.

Little Johnny Smithers
In 1908
Said: "What does '96 C. S.' mean on a letter's date?"
Papa answered say:
"C. S. my little man
Means Coal Strike. Time now dates back from
The year it first began."

In awaiting his aged father's advice before defying Platt, Odell placed himself in the "weight-for-age" class.

Scarsdale is becoming a second City Hall Park.

In putting up for Governor
The youthful ex-Comptroller,
Democrats turn awhile their minds
From thoughts of Coal to Coler.

If, as Mayor Low hints, the rapid transit work has lowered the city's credit, it has atoned by sending a lot of other things upward from time to time.

When telephone messages cost two cents apiece "Hello" will become one of the cheapest words in the language.

In "Battles of Allentists" the State and its money are soon parted.

Perhaps Devery won't be allowed to even touch on and appertain to the convention.

At this rate beef may soon be declared un-trustworthy.

The boy who, in the summer,
Of drowned himself for fun,
Now shoots himself, out hunting,
With papa's pilfered gun.

Twelve thousand dollars for a trousseau! It is a wonder the dressmakers did not ride to their recent convention in automobiles.

SOMEBODIES.

BELMONT, MRS. O. H. P.—has given her daughter, the Duchess of Marlborough, an automobile, which is about to be shipped to Blenheim.

BALFOUR, PREMIER—of England, is not only a fine musician, but also a golfer and an automobilist.

CROSBY, FANNIE—Composer of "There's Music in the Air" and of several well-known hymns, has been blind ever since she was nine years old.

SCHETZER, MISS JANE—of Franklin, O., has just passed the English philology examination at Berlin University. She is the third American woman to accomplish this.

SWANN, REV. SYDNEY—of Carlisle, Scotland, has just ridden the 391 miles from Carlisle to London on a bicycle in twenty-four hours; an average of over twelve and one-half miles an hour.

AMBITION.

For some the cheering of the throng,
For some the pleasures riches bring;
For some proud titles or a nod
Of recognition from the king;
For some sweet fame or grace to stir
The hearts of weary men with song—
For me to just hold hands with Her,
And let the old world drift along.
—Chicago Record-Herald.



This is a sketch of the fashionable costume which May Manton describes in these columns to-day. Patterns may be obtained through The Evening World by following Miss Manton's directions.

for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure. It will be mailed for 10 cents. If in a hurry for your patterns send an extra two-cent stamp for each pattern and they will be promptly mailed by letter post in sealed envelope.

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BORROWED JOKES.

NOT Eatable.

Harvard Hasben—Madam, I ain't had anything to eat for twenty-four hours, and—

Mrs. Goodart—Poor fellow! There's an old coat of my husband hanging on that line over there, and you—

Harvard Hasben—Pardon me, madam. I know my whiskers are getting long, but I do really look like a goat!—Philadelphia Press.

HORRIBLE FATE.

Weary Walker—Did yer ever git ketched in a house on fire?

Ragson Tatters—Yes, I was, an', may, it was fierce, I tell yer.

Weary Walker—Nearly burnt up, was yer?

Ragson Tatters—Naw, but I got to have turned on me—Philadelphia Press.